ISSUE 19

WRESTLING THEN & NOW

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(OFFICIAL)

WRESTLING PROGRAM

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SEPTEMBER
23, 1940

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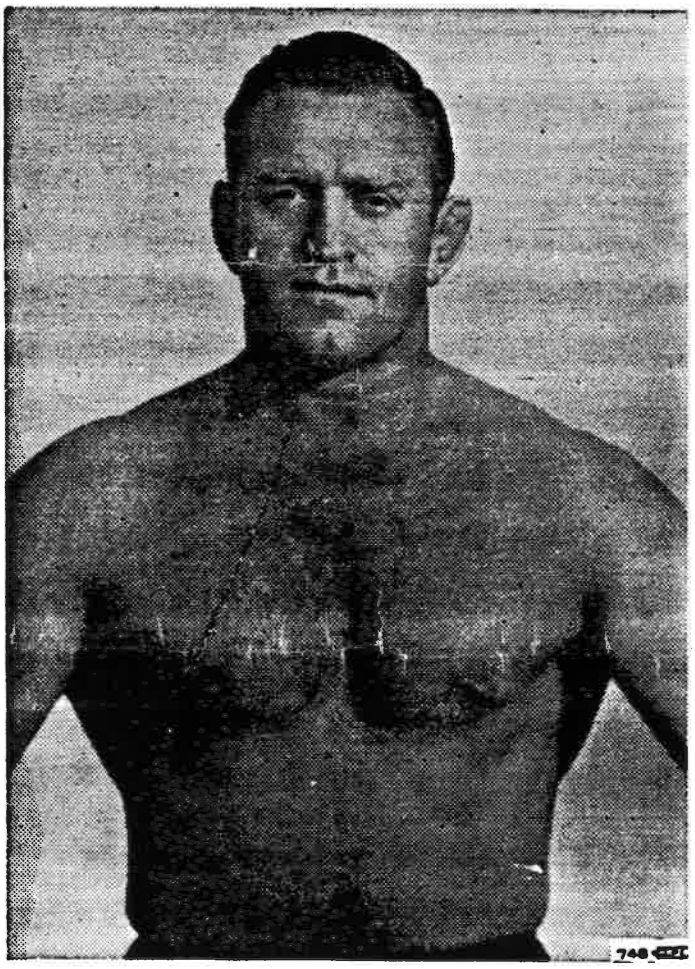


BILLY WEIDNER

WHY ?

WHY ?

Fans Want To Know Why McGuirk WON'T MEET WEIDNER

Weidner was recognized by the New York Commission as Junior Heavyweight Champion.

Weidner came to the Pacific Coast for a bout with McGuirk, and McGuirk has been unwilling to meet him.

LETTERS TO WT&N

I've always liked wrestlers who used masks. In fact the first great match I ever saw (and the one that got me interested in the sport) was one between Lou Thesz and The Zebra Kid (Aug. 9, 1961- Olympic Auditorium TV match). Thesz' airplane spinned the 359 lb. giant and pinned him. Lou, with the help of the ref held "The Kid" down and unmasked him, revealing him to be George Bollas. A few months later a wrestler called the Destroyer shows up on my TV (May 2, 1962- he defeated 3 men- Tom Yinke, Jimmy Edwards & Frankie Pancho). I started watching each week hoping to see him unmasked (He had a mask that would stretch all over the ring when pulled but not come off. So every jobber he wrestled gave the appearance they were about to unmask him). Then I started going to the matches in order to get a look at his face. Well, 28 years later I'm still waiting and in the process I've become a crazed wrestling fan and it's because of that villain, The intelligent, Sensational Destroyer (who's of course my all-time favorite).

But it's been a rotten period for the mask gimmick. It started off with Meltzer declaring the angle dead- saying you couldn't sell a masked man because fans couldn't follow facial expressions from under a hood. Then Jushin Riger, Big Van Vader, Doom, Super Strong Machine, Tiger Mask, Cien Caras and multiple versions of the Black Scorpion were all unmasked at one time or another. The great Mil Mascaras goes on national TV and all the "smart fans" can talk about is how washed up he looks. The Destroyer wrestles 19 times in Japan and can't get on TV. The WWF decides they want a Tiger Mask type and then put jobbers under the hood (Battle Katt) and wonder why nobody cares (Vince thinks "Maybe we can have him dance on the way to the ring"?). Ole proves the angle can work if used right (and gets a big TV rating on the Bash), and then makes a joke out of it by refusing to put a real wrestler behind it. Maybe this year will be better...

Remember the old WWA World Title? At one time (1962 to 1968) it had equal status witht he NWA & AWA. Mike Tenay sent me a title history and I'll share it with you:

1) Edouard Carpentier (was given a world title after Lou Thesz was DQ'd in a title match. Read The Phantom's column in the Oct. 30 Forum for the real story.).
2) Fred Blassie- June 12, 1961- LA Sports Arena. Carpentier hurt leg.
3) Rikidozan- March 28, 1962- Olympic. Won only fall (COR) in match when TV time limit ran out.
4) Fred Blassie- July 25, 1962- Olympic (won on cuts)
5) The Destroyer- July 27, 1962- San Diego Coliseum- Blassie was injured in 2nd fall after winning first and ref stopped match.
6) Fred Blassie- May 10, 1963- Olympic- Blassie won 3rd fall with neckbreaker after Destroyer lost 1st fall by DQ. Destroyer was unmasked but ran into dressing room with towel over face. Greatest match I ever saw!
7) Bearcat Wright- Aug. 23, 1963- Olympic. Won on COR.
8) Edouard Carpentier- Dec. 16, 1963. Indio, Ca. Fairground. Carpentier won by default when Wright didn't show up. What actually happened was Bearcat refused to lse to Blassie at the Olympic on Dec. 13,1963. Won on a shoot(?) and was stripped of title by promoter.
9) Fred Blassie- Jan. 31, 1964- Olympic. (Blassie won by clean pin. A first).
10) Dick the Bruiser- April 22, 1964- Olympic. A clean win, although Fred might have been DQ'd in one of the first 2 falls.
11) The Destroyer- July 22, 1964- Olympic. Won by COR when Bruiser started fighting with old friend Bob Ellis.
12) Cowboy Bob Ellis- Sept. 10, 1964- Olympic. Tore mask and Destroyer ran from ring.
13) The Destroyer= Nov. 13, 1964. San Diego. Know nothing about this match. May have been a phantom title change. Ellis never wrestled in LA again.
14) Pedro Morales- March 12, 1965- Olympic.
15) Luke Graham- July 23, 1965- Olympic.
16) Pedro Morales- Octg. 17, 1965- Olympic.
17) Buddy "Killer" Austin- Aug. 5, 1966- Olympic. Clean win and great match!
18) Bobo Brazil- Sept. 2, 1966- Olympic. Bobo hit Austin with 50 headbuts and won on cuts in front of largest crowd I ever saw at Olympic. Lots of blood.
19) Buddy Austin- Sept. 16, 1966- Olympic. Austin is listed as winning title on this date but I believe he had belt returned to him because he wasn't pinned on Sept. 2. Match took place but I don't believe Buddy ever beat Brazil. I may be wrong. It's been a long time.
20) Lou Thesz- Oct. 14, 1966- Olympic.
21) Mark Lewin- Oct. 28, 1966- Olympic.
22) Ill Kim (Kintaro Oki)- No date- Seoul, South Korea.
23) Mike Dibiase- July 28, 1967- Olympic.
24) Buddy Austin- Aug. 25, 1967- Olympic.
25) Bobo brazil- Jan. 12, 1968- Olympic. Some time later Brazil gave up title recognition to NWA and that was the end of the WWA. Brazil wrestled Kiniski to a draw.

If you print this, I'm hoping Mike Lano or anyone else will add anything he remembers, or make comments. I have alot of questions myself. They are:

1) Did any of this have anything to do with the WWA title that Dick The Bruiser claimed in Indiana?
2) Is it true (and I think it is) that The Bruiser lost title matches with AWA champ Verne Gagne while being WWA champ?
3) Was Bobo Brazil ever pinned in LA?
4) Did The Destroyer lose the title in Japan while champ?

Thanks and keep up the good work. Oh yeah, I hope you're not married. Seems sheets and women don't mix.

STEVE YOHE
ALHAMBRA, CA.

Sign me up for another year. Sorry for waiting until the last minute.

Feedback: I think a combination of the usual format and the clippings and interviews would be best. The clippings are fun to read, and the interviews have been great. I especially enjoyed the Tolos interview. Combine it all and you can't go wrong.

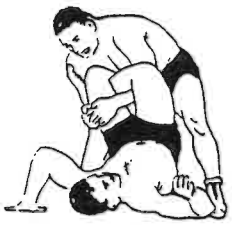
Sounds like life is going smoothly for you at last. Glad to hear you have met a nice lady. What happened to the other one? (HISTORY!- E.G.) I'm not TOO nosy am I? Ha. Ha. I can see you are definitely going to have to turn this new lady on to wrestling. Otherwise, I hope you have other things in common. Not that wrestling is the most important compatibility feature in the world, but it does rank right up there with the likes of cat hater vs. cat lover, toothpaste tube roller vs. squisher upper, and the ever popular snorer vs. non-snorer.

Check out the enclosed copy of a letter of apology I received in the mail yesterday, with a WMVII t-shirt, from Titan Sports. Was that above and beyond the call of duty, or what? My cable co. always manages to screw up the PPV's in one way or another. For WMVII they provided us with static so loud you couldn't hear anything else. Which I'm sure would have made some viewers very happy, but I was PO'd. This continued up to the last 3 matches. I just talked to my mother and she got a WWF cap with her letter. I know they did it for business ($) reasons too, but it was still appreciated. I almost felt a little twinge of guilt for the times I badmouthed them.

Bye for now.

Marilyn Rundle
Gardiner, NY

(Editor's Note- Gorilla Monsoon in his 97 or so years of broadcast experience has not once said anything intelligent or interesting. I think you should have sent them a t-shirt for providing the excess static. Ironically, Monsoon was one of my all-time favorite brawlers- truly great in his day! Once saw Baba-Monsoon at MSG in '74- chop festival!).



Book Review:Pat Barrett's Everybody Down Here Hates Me

By Howard Feintuch

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In 1985 professional wrestler "Irish" Pat Barrett began a project.His goal for the project was to develop a book that would document his experiences as a professional wrestler and generally give people an idea of what is like to be a pro wrestler.After several re-writes,updating and adding of new information,Barrett came up with his finished product.He called it "Everybody Down Here Hates Me".

In over twenty years of involvement in professional wrestling, Pat Barrett has had more than his share of stories worth telling.During the course of his career "Irish" Pat has wrestled extensively in both Europe and the United States.Among the top name wrestlers he has faced are: Ivan Koloff,Harley Race,Blackjack Mulligan,Gene Kiniski, and Mad Dog Vachon.Pat Barrett has also held many prestigious titles.The most notable was the WWF Tag Team Championship along with Dominic DeNucci.

The book "Everybody Down Here Hates Me" is not only well written, but is also enjoyable to read. Not only wrestling fans should enjoy this, but any sports fan in general.

The book gives the reader an idea of what it is like to actually be in the ring wrestling. It also documents some of the ordeals a wrestler may face out of the ring.You will get an idea of some of the things(both good and bad) that go on behind the scenes.All this comes from an insider who spent a great deal of time in the wrestling business.In his book Barrett literally takes you all over the world and shares a different story from each place.

Some of the places he takes you to include:

England,Germany,Canada,and of course various regions of the United States.You are given a chance to view the wrestling world in an international way.His stories from around the globe give you a different perspective of what wrestling was like in different parts of the world.

It could be said that Pat Barrett is from the old school of wrestling.Most of Barrett's stories come from the good old days(the 60's,70's and portions of the 80's) when wrestling was classified mainly as a regional sport.Hundreds of small promotions in different regions existed where a group of wrestlers would work for a period of time.This was back before the WWF and NWA were the promotions with all the stars and they toured all over the country to the different regions.The book will give newer fans to wrestlings anidea of what the regional wrestling territories of yesterday were like.

Pat Barrett starts "Everybody Down Here Hates Me" by telling how he originally broke into professional wrestling.As the book continues the stories are so interesting to read you will hardly be able to put the book down until you finish it.It is important to note that this book is not meant to read by children.It is written for a mature reading audience.Pat Barrett tells his stories uncensored,exactly as they happened.Therefore, parts of the stories can be quite graphic in their descriptions at times.The book can be ordered by mail from Fleur Press,P.O. Box 6073,Gulf Breeze,Florida 32561.It may also be ordered by phone by calling 1-800-733-0478."Everybody Down Here Hates Me" sells for $16.95 plus $2.00 for shipping and handeling(Florida residents must add 6 percent sales tax).Fleur Press has several shirts related to the book for sale also.Write to them for more details on other items related to the book that are for sale.

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5 GREAT THINGS TO YELL AT THE ARENAS!
BY EVAN GINZBURG

In recent years, the vast majority of wrestling in the U.S. has deteriorated to the point that the word "entertainment" is no longer a valid adjective. "Punishment" is probably a far more fitting description for what's being dished out to the fan. I've attended a grand total of 3 live WWF (Wretched Wrestling Federation) cards in the past 3 years and personally witnessed the collapse of the NWA (Non Wrestling Assoc!!!). In short, at most house shows I've felt like I've been repaying some sort of Kharmic debt for sins I've committed in past lives. It also dawned on me that at most live cards I had to take full responsibility for entertaining myself since most wrestlers were unwilling or simply unable to do that small favor for me! Therefore, I am presenting a true **service** to my beloved readers. The suggestions below are guaranteed to evoke laughter from smart fans at the shows and puzzled looks from the "Hulkamaniacs," Little Warriors, Petite Stingers and everyone else under 12 that promoters now cater to.

Therefore, without further ado are **5 GREAT THINGS TO YELL AT WRESTLING MATCHES!!!**

1) After laying on the mat for several minutes in a case of severe anabolic exhaustion, any one of your favorite mutant wrestlers makes a "rousing" comeback. The kiddies rise to their feet in excitement. Spotting a rare glimpse of movement in the ring, and startled by the commotion around you, you are awakened from your dream in which the Funks are wrestling the Briscos circa 1975. Angered at the intrusion you angrily shout at the top of your lungs: **"HEY! YOU WITH THE HEAD! SIT DOWN!"** Guaranteed a dozen juvenile delinquents and future inmates quickly come to the conclusion that they do in fact have heads, give you a puzzled gawk and sit back down. Try it, gang! It's a riot!!!

2) Dino Bravo or any of the other "titans" (pardon the pun) goes into their traditional 10 minute resthold. You begin to lapse into unconsciousness. As you enter a comatose state and rapidly approach death you suddenly "rage against the darkness!" You know that somewhere down the road there's a Cactus Jack or Abdullah match worth seeing. Suddenly, uncontrollably, you scream at the top of your lungs: **"OH NO! NOT THE DREADED ARM BAR!"** Guaranteed howls! Really!

3) The Mountie, after a 15 second spurt of action, realizes he's worked way too hard and falls to the mat. His opponent, Jim Neidhart or some other slug who hasn't put on anything better than a 2* match in over a half decade, decides to take a nice nap with him while 5,000 dozing fans barely look on. Your catching Zzzzzzs (reference to Tom Zenk is unintentional but nonetheless appropriate) and something deep within you says "Hey, one of these misfits sitting around me might pick my pocket!" Sheep are leaping over fences and you have them in headlocks, but you realize you **must** awaken. You somehow manage to summon up the energy and shreik like a madman: **"TAKE HIS MASK OFF! TAKE HIS MASK OFF!"** Guaranteed laugh-getter and I can also promise you at least one social retard will turn to you and say, "But they're not wearing masks!" A hoot...

4) Another beauty that never, ever fails! The Iron Sheik or somebody who was once great (but who has since evolved into a cartoon character) staggers into the ring. You **know** you're in store for at the very least a **negative** 2* match. On top of it you think back to Sheik-Slaughter in the mid-eighties and you get angry at the Sheik for getting "knocked up." You just can't understand why it's taken him so long to have his baby, as he's been due for quite some time. Your blood begins to boil! You know you'll become a serial killer if you don't let it all out! So you howl at the top of your lungs: **"HEY YOU STIFF! I REMEMBER YOU 50 POUNDS AGO!"** A real rib tickler for sure! Seriously!

5) Finally, you take a guy who you never did like, but who once got an undeserved push. JYD comes immediately to mind! He struts down the aisle ("Thump! Thump! Thump! Here comes the chump!) to the **dead silence** he so readily deserves. You vow to break that silence!!! (If you wanted to hang out at a think tank you would have!). You let out a primal scream that makes even **Gorgeous George** roll in his grave. **"HEY PAL! I REMEMBER YOU WHEN YOU USED TO WIN MATCHES!"** Guaranteed chuckles! Go for it!

Even though I only promised you **5** great things to yell at the matches, each and every one of you are so dear to me that I figured I'd throw in an all-important bonus. Since my fellow sheet editors seem very intrigued by the going-ons of such giants as El Gigante, Sid Vicious/Justice/Worthless, Diamond Dud, and Mr. Stooge (uh, Hughes), I figured this piece should reflect the growing importance of these ever-growing boys. Analyzing their role in the mat game, I've concluded that they all share similar characteristics in that 1) They really can't wrestle a lick 2) They're really freakin' big 3) They all possess **square heads**- particularly Sid, upon whose dome may one day wear the crown. Therefore when one of these greats gets into the ring, blows his first move and stands there motionless and befuddled, capitalize on the embarassed silence and yell: **"THEY DON'T MAKE HEADS LIKE THAT ANY MORE!"** Hey, that line's worked for me and it'll work for you. Besides, it doesn't pay to yell out inside stuff like real names since it's not "smart etiquette" (ask Dear Abby), and besides, you can bet your last dollar the geek sitting next to you really thinks it reads "Hulk" on the birth certificate...

Yes, dear readers, it's 1991 and an $18 ticket, $4 parking spot, $4 program and $3.50 beer doesn't guarantee you anything more than a darn good night's sleep! (The WWF is missing out on a marketing goldmine. Their "highlight" tapes could serve as ideal sleep aides). So try my 5 (uh, 6) great things to yell at wrestling matches! Miraculously, even 1991 wrestling can be fun once more.

The Top Wrestlers of 1952

GEORGE BABICH—Former Fordham footballer, weighing 229 pounds and standing six-foot-four . . . Babich came to the mat after some pro football, a spell as coach of the St. Peter's (N.J.) College basketball team, and four years in the navy . . . Favorite hold is the spectacular giant swing.

ADRIEN BAILLARGEON—Holds two victories over Gene Stanlee . . . The six-foot-five giant can lift a platform with 17 people on it (total weight 3,400 pounds) on his back . . . One of five brothers who make up what is often called the strongest family in the world.

ANTONIO BAILLARGEON—At 22, nine years younger than his huge brother, Adrien . . . As tag team partners, the brothers make a hard-to-beat combination . . . Antonio was acclaimed "Mr. Europe" during a 1951 tour abroad.

PAUL BAILLARGEON—Another of the six strongman brothers from Quebec . . . Has been amazing fans by his strength . . . He climbs telephone poles lifting a horse with him . . . In 1951, he established a record of lifting 321 pounds in one arm bent press.

JOHNNY BAREND—A baby-faced 212-pounder from Rochester, N. Y. . . . Studied physical education in college and was a top-flight weight lifter . . . Johnny is a Navy vet . . . Favorite holds are the flying head scissors and airplane spin.

ELLIS BASHARA—Started wrestling in Norman (Okla.) High School . . . was Big Six Conference heavyweight champ as well as football star at Oklahoma University . . . Played Pro football at Memphis and St. Louis . . . Member of the 1932 U. S. Olympic wrestling team.

DON BLACKMAN — Former light-heavyweight wrestling champion . . . Has also been professional model (in Europe), pro football player (Tuskegee, Ala.), motion picture actor, and now operates a physical culture club . . . One of the few negro heavyweights . . . A Pennsylvanian, Blackman served as an M.P. in the army for five years.

JAN BLEARS—Dark, handsome Englishman, billed as "Lord" Blears . . . Enters ring complete with monocle . . . Was the first British wrestler to reach the U. S. after World War II . . . Held British Junior Light-Heavy and Heavyweight crowns.

PAUL BOESCH—Hails from the south shore seashore resorts of Long Island (N.Y.) . . . Has made several world tours . . . A World War II hero, Paul was wounded in combat three times.

ALDO BOGNI—A 261-pound Argentine weightlifting champion . . . He reached U. S. in the fall of 1951, and quickly demonstrated an unruly cruel style . . . In 1942, while watching the great Rocca absorb a going over from the tremendous Man Mountain Dean in Argentina, Bogni became so aroused, he leaped into the ring and threw Dean out . . . That's how he got into wrestling.

GEORGE BOLLAS—Minneapolis fans go for "Stonewall's" technique, which consists of the strongest of defenses . . . A 325 pounder, this Ohioan's wrestling name is The Zebra Kid.

EXCERPT- THOMAS WOLFE'S THE WEB AND THE ROCK

(1937)- FICTION

Finally—and this, of course, made his person memorably heroic to the boys—he had at one time in his life been a professional wrestler (a good one too; at one time, it was said, "the champion of the South"), and although he was now approaching fifty, he occasionally consented to appear in local contests, and give an exhibition of his prowess. There had been one thrilling Winter, just a year or two before, when Mr. Crane, during the course of a season, had met a whole series of sinister antagonists—Masked Marvels, Hidden Menaces, Terrible Turks, Mighty Swedes, Demon Dummies, and all the rest of them.

George Webber remembered all of them; Nebraska had always taken him on passes which his father gave him. The thought of the very approach of these evenings was enough to put the younger boy into a fever of anticipation, a frenzy of apprehension, an agonized unrest. He could not understand how Mr. Crane or Nebraska could face one of these occasions, with all of its terrible moments of conflict, victory or defeat, injury or mutilation, broken bones or fractured ligaments, with no more perturbation than they would show when sitting down to eat their evening meal.

And yet it was true! These people—son and father both—seemed to have come straight from the heart of immutable and unperturbed nature. Warmth they had, staunch friendliness, and the capacity for savage passion, ruthless murder. But they had no more terror than a mountain. Nerve they had, steel nerve; but as for the cold anguish of the aching and constricted pulse, the dry, hard ache and tightness of the throat, the hollow numbness of the stomach pit, the dizzy lightness of the head, the feeling of an unreal buoyancy before the moment of attack—they seemed to know no more about these things than if they had been made of oak!

Time after time on days when Mr. Crane was due to wrestle at the City Auditorium, the boy had watched him pass the house. Time after time he had searched the policeman's square-cut face for signs of anguish or tension to see if the strange, hard features showed any sign of strain, if the square, hard jaw was grimly clenched, the hard eyes worried, if there were any signs of fear, disorder, apprehension in his step, his look, his tone, his movement, or his greeting. There was none. The policeman never varied by a jot. A powerful, somewhat shambling figure of a man, a little under six feet tall, with a thick neck, coarsely seamed and weathered with deep scorings, long arms, big hands, gorillalike shoulders, and a kind of shambling walk, a little baggy at the knees—a figure of an immense but rather worn power—he passed by in his somewhat slouchy uniform, seamed down the trouser-legs with stripes of gold, turned in at his house and mounted the front porch steps, with no more excitement than he would show on any other day of the week. And yet the male population of the whole town would be buzzing with excited speculation on the outcome of the match, and the hearts of boys would thud with apprehensive expectation at the very thought of it.

Later on, when dark had come, a half hour or so before the time scheduled for the match, Mr. Crane would leave his house, bearing underneath his arm a bundle wrapped up in a newspaper, which contained his old wrestling trunks and shoes; and with the same deliberate, even, bag-kneed stride, turn his steps in the direction of the town and the City Auditorium—and, Great God! his approaching and now terribly imminent encounter with the Bone-Crushing Swede, the Masked Marvel, or the Strangler Turk!

A few minutes later Nebraska would come by Monk's house and whistle piercingly; the Webber boy would rush out of the house and down the steps still gulping scalding coffee down his aching throat—and then the two of them would be off on their way to town!

What nights they were—the nights of smoke-smell, stillness, and the far-off barking of a dog, a fire of oak leaves at the corner, and the leaping fire-dance of the boys around it—great nights of the approaching contest of the wrestlers, the nights of frost and menace, joy and terror—and October!

Oh, how each step of the way to town was pounded out beneath the rhythm of the pounding heart! How tight the throat, how dry the mouth and lips! How could Nebraska walk on so steadily, and look so cool! Arrived before the Auditorium, and the press of people, the calcium glare of hard white lights, the excited babble of the voices. Then the inside, seats down front in the big, draughty, thrilling-looking place, the great curtain with "Asbestos" written on it, horseplay and loud-mouthed banter in the crowd, the shouts of raucous boys, catcalls at length, foot-stamping, imperative hand-clapping, the bare and thrilling anatomy of the roped-in square. At last the handlers, timekeepers, and referees; and last of all—the principals!

Oh, the thrill of it! The anguish and the joy of it—the terror and the threat of it—the dry-skinned, hot-eyed, fever-pounding pulse of it, the nerve-tight, bursting agony of it! In God's name, how could flesh endure it! And yet—there they were, the *fatal, fated*, soon-to-be-at-bitter-arm's-length *two* of them—and Mr. Crane as loose as ashes, as cold as a potato, patient as a dray-horse, and as excited as a bale of hay!

But in the other corner—hah, now! hisses, jeers, and catcalls for the likes of you!—the Masked Marvel sits and waits, in all the menaceful address and threat of villainous disguisement. Over his bullet head and squat gorilla-neck a kind of sinister sack of coarse black cloth has been pulled and laced and tied! It is a horrible black mask with baleful eye-slits through which the beady little eyes seem to glitter as hard and wicked as a rattlesnake's; the imprint of his flat and brutal features shows behind it, and yet all so weirdly, ominously concealed that he looks more like a hangman than anything else. He looks like some black-masked and evil-hooded thing that does the grim and secret bidding of the Inquisition or the Medici; he looks like him who came in darkness to the Tower for the two young princes; he looks like the Klu Klux Klan; he looks like Jack Ketch with a hood on; he looks like the guillotine where Sidney Carton was the twenty-third; he looks like the Red Death, Robespierre, and The Terror!

As he sits there, bent forward brutishly, his thick, short fingers haired upon the back, an old bathrobe thrown round his brutal shoulders, the crowd hoots him, and the small boys jeer! And yet there is alarmed apprehension in their very hoots and jeers, uneasy whisperings and speculations:

"Good God!" one man is saying in an awed and lowered tone, "look at that neck on him—it's like a bull!"

"For God's sake, take a look at those shoulders!" says another, "look at his arms! His wrists are thick as most men's legs! Look at those arms, Dick; they could choke a bear!"

Or, an awed whisper: "Damn! It looks as if John Crane is in for it!"

All eyes now turn uneasily to Mr. Crane. He sits there in his corner quietly, and a kind of old, worn, patient look is on him. He blinks and squints unconcernedly into the hard glare of the light above the ring, he rubs his big hand reflectively over the bald top of his head, scratches the side of his coarse, seamed neck. Someone shouts a greeting to him from the audience; he looks around with an air of slight surprise, surveys the crowd with eyes as calm and hard as agate, locates the person who has called to him, waves in brief greeting, then leans forward patiently on his knees again.

The referee crawls through the ropes upon the mat, converses learnedly across the ropes but too intimately for hearing with Dr. Neo Revere, compares notes with him, looks very wise and serious, at length calls the two gladiators, attended by their handlers, bucket carriers, towel swingers, seconds, and sponge throwers, to the center of the mat, admonishes them most earnestly, sends them to their corners—and the bout begins.

The two men go back to their corners, throw their battered bathrobes off their shoulders, limber up a time or two against the ropes, a bell clangs, they turn and face each other and come out.

They come out slowly, arms bear-wise, half extended, the paws outward, circling, crouching, crafty as two cats. Mr. Crane in wrestler's garb is even looser and more shambling than in uniform; everything about him sags a little, seems to slope downward with a kind of worn, immensely patient, slightly weary power. The big shoulders slope, the great chest muscles sag and slope, the legs sag at the knees, the old full-length wrestler's trunks are wrinkled and also sag a little; there are big, worn knee-pads for the work down on the mat, and they also have a worn and baggy, kangaroolike look.

Mr. Crane shuffles cautiously about, but the Masked Marvel shifts and circles rapidly; he prances back and forth upon his bulging legs that seem to be made of rubber; he crouches and looks deadly, he feints and leaps in for a hold, which Mr. Crane evades with a shuffling ease. The crowd cheers wildly! The Masked Marvel dives and misses, falls sprawling. Mr. Crane falls on him, gets a hammerlock; the Masked Marvel bridges with his stocky body, squirms out of it, locks Mr. Crane's thick neck with vicelike power; the big policeman flings his body backward, gets out of it, is thrown to the corner of the ring. The two men come to grips again—the house is mad!

Oh, the thrill of it! The fear and menace of it, the fierce, pulse-pounding joy and terror of it! The two-hour-long grunting, panting, sweating, wheezing, groaning length of it! The exultant jubilation of it when Mr. Crane came out on top; the dull, dead, hopeless misery when Mr. Crane was on the bottom! And above all the inhuman mystery, secrecy, and the sinister disguisement of it all!

THE AL COSTELLO INTERVIEW
CONDUCTED BY DON LAIBLE

DL: When you talk tag teams in professional wrestling, many teams come to mind, but one stands out amongst them all- The Fabulous Kangaroos which were for many years led by Al Costello. Trying to pick out one greatest moment would be very difficult for this man who has been in wrestling for many years. Al, the Kangaroos were in full swing for several years before Wild Red Berry joined you; but why don't you tell our readers how this union took place.

AC: The involvement of Wild Red Berry was very unusual. Roy (Heffernan) and I were wrestling in Dallas and Houston Texas at the time. We happened to be on our way to Fort Worth from Houston and driving through Waco, Texas. I'm tuning into the radio and I hear a voice- "I'm going to pulverize... demolish...destroy" and on and on. I said to the driver, who was Dick Raines, a great wrestler of the past- and turned to Roy Heffernan my partner and said "That's going to be our next manager." Roy looked at me and said "You're crazy- we never had a manager." He didn't believe in having managers. Nevertheless we went to Fort Worth and next day we arrived in Houston. We happened to be wrestling at the Auditorium and Lou Thesz, the former world champion and one of the great champions in my opinion- not only did he look like a champion, he acted like a champion and wrestled like one- was there. He was one of my all-time favorites as far as the personification of a world champion. So I went to Lou and said, "What do you think of Red Berry as the manager of the Kangaroos?" He said, "Fantastic idea." So I approached Red and said, "Red, how would you like to manage the Kangaroos?" He said, "What?! I'm a star in my own right!" He said, "I couldn't do that, I'm a star!" Well, he was at the end of his career. I said, "No, rather they'd be talking about you. You're the manager- our mouthpiece. You'd be articulating on our merits and so forth." He didn't believe it. I told Thesz the following day what Red said. "Let me take care of it," Lou said because Red actually admired him. Thesz to him was one of the greatest ever. Thesz talked to him and the following day Red came up to me and said, "You know that's not a bad idea," and that's how the Kangaroos started. In reference to Wild Red Berry, there's no question in my mind he was the most influential person I met in my life. In fact he was a great influence in my career and thinking and so forth. He could never see a bad match. I'd seen bad matches but not him. Everything was great to him. That's the way he lived. I started listening to his philosophies- following his philosophies. I'd travel with him on the road- and I mean travelling- in those days we travelled 2,000-2,500 miles in a week. I'd take turns driving with him and Roy. And he would on the way to a certain area do some kind of recitation on whatever. He would read it. He'd go over and over and stop. Every fifteen minutes or so. He'd stop and start. And I came to realize that's how he came to have that retentive memory. He'd remember everything. So I started doing the same thing. In essence, im many things in my life I'd have to say that Wild Red Berry was one of the single most inspirational persons or people I'd ever met and he will be forever great in my memory. We were particularly sucessful in New York but also throughout the country. There was nobody else like Red.

DL: Let's discuss some of the more interesting events that happened to the Kangaroos, particularly those leading up to your main-event at the old Madison Square Garden vs. Miguel Perez and Argentina Rocca.

AC: When we first went to New York in 1957, Roy and I used to give an exhibition of holds for Ray Morgan at the Capitol Arena in Washington, D.C. I'd ask Vince McMahon Sr. who in my mind was one of the great promoters of all-time: he promoted with a heart- someone I'll always remember- a great guy. I asked him would he mind if I gave an exhibition of holds on TV on Channel 5 out of the Capitol Arena. He said "Sure- go right ahead." So when we went on to New York prior to our main-event, I spoke to Argentina Rocca's manager who was also part of the promotion to a point. He said to me "You'll never make it in New York." I said, "Why?" He said "Because you wrestle too much." With that I said to him, "What does the marquee say?" He said, "Wrestling." I said, "Well?" He said "It's showmanship!" Lo and behold one month later we had 10,000 turned away. So I said to Carlo, "Well, what about wrestling?" He had no comment.

DL: Now your match when they turned 10,000 people away- some people would find it hard to believe today but the papers from that time show that it truly did happen. Tell us about the match that drew so much interest. You and Roy did something several hours before the main-event.

AC: I had 10,000 fliers printed introducing the Fabulous Kangaroos to the U.S. and I told Roy about these fliers. I only told him the day before the match because I knew he wouldn't like the idea. What we did was we went to the Garden two in the afternoon and put the fliers on every second seat. And it worked...

DL: And then your match...

AC: The match hardly got started. We were wrestling approximately 10 minutes and all of a sudden they started throwing everything you can think of. It was more or less a poor Puerto Rican element. So anyhow they rioted and the announcer had Rocca finally talk to the people and told the crowd they could beat us; they quieted down for another five minutes. Then all of a sudden here they come- everybody coming into the ring. Finally they played the national anthem and everyone came into the ring and that's how that match ended. It was a far reach from the early days. I could remember as a kid in Australia that MSG was my dream and there I am at MSG and there's 10,000 people turned away. Prior to the match I'm thinking of the road to it. It took me almost 20 years to get to this point. I remember one of the kids- one of the wrestlers on the card coming to me that day and saying "Al, can you help me?" Now I'll always try and help anybody, because I didn't care that he was a preliminary boy- I respect all wrestlers. They are all part and parcel of the matches and they earn my respect. I said, "How can I help you?" He said, "Al, I'm looking for a gimmick. I looked him straight in the eye and said "A gimmick. What do you mean son?" He said, "You have a gimmick." Sure, we had a gimmick; we had our hats on one side and the boomerangs we'd throw to the fans, and finally Red Berry blowing the whistle. He said "That's a gimmick!" I looked at him straight in the eye and said, "Son, what about the 20 odd years it took to get to this spot?" And at time nearly starving to death. Because there are many valleys in this business and very few peaks. But the few peaks make it all worthwhile with the realization of a dream I had back in Sydney Australia at my father's fruit store. I realized when I was on top there's always someone to knock you off and it's a very difficult situation, but then I said to him, "Son, always remember one thing." "What's that he said?" "There's two prices for hay- the virgin hay, and the hay that

come from the horse. What do you want?" He looked at me and obviously didn't know what the heck I was talking about. He wanted to be a star before being a wrestler first. People talk about Hulk Hogan and all those people on top today. They don't realize these people struggled before getting on top. In reference to Hulk Hogan, I met him a couple of times. He's an incredible guy- very articulate. In fact I like him very much. I think he could do a little more wrestling in my mind, but nevertheless he's probably the Gorgeous George of his day and he's doing a helluva job. He struggled for almost 12 years before getting to the top of his profession. He went through quite a lot. Of course there's others. There's a lot of potential but I'll always mention that potential isn't worth a damn untill it proves itself. Randy Savage is one of them- he's gotten to the top of the profession. I remember him when he was just a kid- with his dad Angelo Poffo. Very talented young man- good luck to them all. Yesterday is yesterday but you always look ahead. And one of the greatest joys of my life is coaching. I always tell these young people who want to be wrestlers they have to be WRESTLERS first. Then the celebrity comes later if you are willing to fight and scratch and work. it's 1% inspiration and 99% perspiration

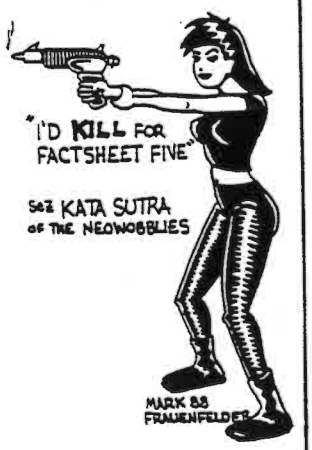
DL: So it's been an interesting and rewarding career and one you wouldn't trade in for anything...

AL: I wouldn't change wrestling for anything. I had many opportunities to do other things- to be an opera singer at one stage they told me; and an artist and all that other stuff but I went for wrestling and I stuck with it with my life. I had 58 years experience in it. Next to my wife Cleo and the great friends I've made like Donny here, it's the love of my life...

DL: And that's wrestling's greatest moments with Kangaroo Al Costello...

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Don Laible is one of the top wrestling journalists in the country and can be heard weekly on John Arezzi's wrestling radio show Sunday morns. at 10 AM on 1240 AM. I am grateful to Don for this submission and encourage all readers to utilize their contacts for an appreciative audience and submit interviews with veteran wrestlers. Next issue: Billie Jessie of the Nikita Koloff Fan Club interviews AFA THE WILD SAMOAN).

FACTSHEET FIVE PROVOKES STRONG EMOTIONS



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Mike Rodgers'
1973 SF WRESTLING RESULTS

1/10/73 SACRAMENTO
ANTONIO ROCCO DREW BEAUREGARD. THE INTERN BEAT RENO TUFULI. RED BASTIEN BEAT FRITZ VON GOERING. GREAT MEPHISTO & LUKE GRAHAM BEAT PEPPER GOMEZ & MANNY CRUZ. PAT PATTERSON & ROCKY JOHNSON BEAT LARS ANDERSON & PAUL DEMARCO.

1/11/73 SF TV
THE INTERN BEAT ANTONIO ROCCO. LUKE GRAHAM BEAT RICK SANCHEZ. PAUL DEMARCO & LARS ANDERSON BEAT TIO TAYLOR & MANNY CRUZ.

1/16/73 SF TV
RED BASTEIN BEAT FRITZ VON GOERING. LUKE GRAHAM BEAT RENO TUFULI. PAT PATTERSON & ROCKY JOHNSON BEAT BEAUREGARD & JAY YORK/

1/27/73 SAN FRANCISCO
GREAT MEPHISTO WON BATTLE ROYAL. RAY STEVENS & PAT PATTERSON & ROCKY JOHNSON BEAT PAUL DEMARCO & GREAT MEPHISTO & LUKE GRAHAM. RED BASTEIN & HAYSTACKS CALHOUN BEAT FRIZT VON GOERING & KINJI SHIBUYA. INTERN BEAT RENO TIFULI. MIGHTY IGOR BEAT BEAUREGARD.

1/28/73 FRESNO
RED BASTIEN BEAT BEAUREGARD. THE INTERNS BEAT THE SAMOANS. LUKE GRAHAM & GREAT MEPHISTO BEAT TIO TAYLOR & MANNY CRUZ. PAT PATTERSON & ROCKY JOHNSON BEAT LARS ANDERSON & PAUL DEMARCO.

2/15/73 SACRAMENTO TV
LARS ANDERSON BEAT TIO TAYLOR. KINJI SHIBUYA BEAT ANTONIO ROCCO. PAT PATTERSON & ROCKY JOHNSON BEAT BOBBY CHRISTY & FRITZ VON GOERING.

2/17/73 SAN FRANCISCO
GREAT MEPHISTO BEAT PAT PATTERSON. RAY STEVENS BEAT LARS ANDERSON. ROCKY JOHNSON BEAT KINJI SHIBUYA. PEPPER GOMEZ BEAT LUKE GRAHAM. MIGHTY IGOR BEAT FRITZ VON GOERING. RED BASIEN BEAT MANNY CRUZ (JOSE GONZALES). INTERNS BEAT SAMOANS.

3/10/73 SAN FRANCISCO
PAT PATTERSON BEAT GREAT MEPHISTO! DQ. INTERNS BEAT PEPPER GOMEZ & ROCKY JOHNSON. MIGHTY IGOR BEAT LUKE GRAHAM. SAMOANS BEAT BEAUREGARD & KIM DUK. RED BASTEIN BEAT JAN MADRID. KINJI SHIBUYA BEAT MANNY CRUZ.

US TITLE

PAT PATTERSON	
GREAT MEPHISTO	2/73
PAT PATTERSON	4/73
MOONDOG MAYNE	12/73

WORLD TAG TITLE

PAT PATTERSON & ROCKY JOHNSON	
KINJI SHIBUYA & GREAT MEPHISTO	4/73
PAT PATTERSON & ROCKY JOHSNON	5/73
MASKED INTERNS	8/73
KINJI SHIBUYA & MR. SAITO	9/73
PAT PATTERSON & ROCKY JOHNSON	11/73

1973 WRESTLER OF THE YEAR
PAT PATTERSON CAPTURES THIS HONOR BY HOLDING THE US TITLE FOR MUCH OF THE YEAR AND ALSO HOLDING THE WORLD TAG TITLE ON 3 DIFFERENT OCCASSIONS. PAT HELD WINS OVER GREAT MEPHISTO, KINJI SHIBUYA, LONNIE MAYNE, DUTCH SAVAGE, MR. SAITO AND RAY STEVENS.

1973 TAG TEAM OF THE YEAR
KINJI SHIBUYA & MR. SAITO CAPTURE THIS HONOR PERHAPS BECAUSE THEY WERE THE MOST DURABLE. TAGGING TOGETHER THE WHOLE YEAR THEY WERE ABEL TO DEFEAT SOME BIG TEAMS INCLUDING THE INTERNS, PAT PATTERSON & ROCKY JOHNSON, THE SAMOANS, PEPPER GOMEZ & RED BASTEIN, IGOR & BASTEIN, VICTOR RIVERA & PEPPER MARTIN, RAY STEVENS & PEPPER MARTIN, ROCKY JOHNSON & PETER MAIVIA TO NAME A FEW. THEY DID HOLD THE WORLD TAG TITLE ON ONE OCCASSION DURING THE YEAR.

1. PAT PATTERSON
2. GREAT MEPHISTO
3. RAY STEVENS
4. PETER MAIVIA
5. LONNIE MAYNE

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Mike Rodgers publishes the long-running Rings Around The Northwest- only 50 cents to Mike Rodgers- 2470 SE Lewellyn, Troutdale, Or. 97060. He also sells pix and various other rasslin' items.)

1. KINJI SHIBUYA & MR. SAITO
2. ROCKY JOHNSON & PAT PATTERSON
3. INTERNS
4. VON BRAUNERS
5. ROCKY JOHNSON & PETER MAIVIA.

Revenge of the Mystique of Fanzines

by Vic Stanley PO Box 176 Lafayette, IN 47902-0176

Fanzine publishing is a phenomenon which has spread throughout the entire world. Here are a few more interesting zines, some of which are currently being done outside the US.

AURAL AUGASM is a very eccentric English fanzine. It completely destroys the myth that the British are a sexually repressed culture. The last issue I received included a condom conveniently stapled to the cover. The subject matter consists mostly of sociological satire and British newspaper ads altered in a most bizarre manner. Those poor Page 3 Girls! Not for the squeamish. 90 Chiswick Lane, London W4, England - $4.00/copy

BAD ALCHEMY is a German music fanzine/cassette publication. The music is mostly in the jazzy, avant garde, industrial and minimalist vein. Much of the text is in German, but it is still well worth it for the cassette. Contact Wayside Records PO Box 6517, Wheaton, MD 20906 for info and a great catalog.

ECCO - Covers the world of bizarre video. A nicely done full sized 12 page fanzine which has well researched feature articles, film and book reviews. Issue 12 finishes up a filmography on "Dirty Westerns". Editor Charles Kilgore is well known in the horrorzine world and continues to produce a quality product. $2.00/issue from PO Box 65742, Washington DC 20035.

EUROPEAN TRASH CINEMA - Volume 2, no. 1 is a slick 32 page effort in their new and improved digest sized format. Editor Craig Ledbetter is extremely knowledgable on the subject and should be congratulated for his efforts. As the title indicates, it includes feature articles, reviews and photos of the most obscure foreign films imaginable. $10.00/4 issues from PO Box 5367, Kingwood, TX 77325.

EXPLOITATION RETROSPECTIVE - A well done, computer generated digest covering the topics of horror and adult films, alternative music and fanzines. Lots of reviews. Has the fearless, hard core attitude so necessary to do justice to the subject matter. $1.00/issue from ER c/o Dan Taylor, PO Box 1155, Haddonfield, NJ 08033-0708

FATAL VISIONS is a pro quality filmzine from Australia which covers all aspects of alternative filmmaking. Issue 9 included excellent interviews with John Waters and Alejandro Jodorowski and extensive coverage of the Hong Kong film scene. PO Box 133, Northcote 3070 Victoria Australia - $3.50/copy - Michael Helms/Editor

FRIGHTEN THE HORSES - A nicely done full sized magazine for the sexually and politically adventurous among us. Admittedly, some of the articles are rather distracting with their militant and strident attitudes, but it is interesting reading. Not for everybody, but Robert Mapplethorpe would have loved it. $14.00/4 issues from Heat Seeking Publishing, 41 Sutter St. #1108, San Francisco, CA 94104 Include age statement.

KILLER KUNG-FU ENEMA NURSES ON CRACK is a slick fanzine from New Zealand which concentrates on film, TV and fanzine reviews, and feature articles. Irreverent humor and a great "Letters to the Editor" column. PO Box 27432, Upper Willis St., Wellington, New Zealand - $2.00/copy

LIBIDO - Erotica for thinking people. This thick, professionally produced digest contains essays, short stories and photo layouts which are guaranteed to stimulate the mind as well as the body. For those who find standard men's magazines too much like autopsy or OB/gyn journals to be titillating. Refreshing in that it provides an equal forum for both men and women to express their interests. Sometimes graphic, but not in bad taste. $20.00/4 quarterly issues from PO Box 146721, Chicago, IL 60614 Include age statement.

MARKALITE - The magazine of Japanese fantasy films which covers everything you ever wanted to know about Godzilla, his relatives and foes, and a myriad of Oriental super heroes, robots and monsters. Very comparable in design and quality to Cinefantistique. $20.00/4 issues from PO Box 23651, Oakland, CA 94623

MENTERTAINMENT - This is a hefty b/w publication "covering" exotic dancers and strip clubs in the NY, NJ and PA area. Sophie, the female editor retains a respectable and light hearted attitude throughout. Includes articles, photos, interviews and itineraries for the dancers and provides an interesting insight into the business aspects of this industry. Wrestling isn't the only business with bookers. To paraphrase an old saying I coined a long ago - "Stripper/Dressing Room" is an oxymoron. Does much to dispute the unsavory premise that these women are sexually exploited. $1.85 for a sample copy from PO Box 9445, Elizabeth, NJ 07202 Include age statement.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: WT&N readers will enjoy Vic Stanley's tremendous Stream Of Semi-Consciousness- only $3 from the address above. A publisher's choice in Factsheet 5! Highly recommended!)

NORMA K (is it Norma or Nora??) is an English fanzine dedicated solely to the film career of sex goddess Traci Lords. Issues 1 and 2 are nicely done digests which feature interviews, filmographies, news, reviews and provocative photos. No hard core pornography. If you love Traci, you'll love NORMA K. $3.00/copy 118 High St. Eastleigh, Hampshire SO5 5LR England - Steve Rag/Editor

ON REFLECTION - A thoughtful and well designed 8 page music fanzine which covers "Progressive" artists such as Yes, King Crimson, Gentle Giant and many other more obscure acts. Editor Jason M. Rubin is dedicated to this genre and goes into great detail in his feature articles and reviews. Useful to anybody who has even a passing interest in this type of music. This kind of coverage is not to be found anywhere else in the US. $18.00/12 issues from PO Box 1037, Kendall Square, Cambridge, MA 02142

SUBPOP SINGLES CLUB is a mailorder service which issues limited edition releases of the Subpop record company. They are widely recognized as the country's premiere independant label. I have received classics by such artists as L7, Soundgarden, Mudhoney and Tad. Excellent picture sleeves and prompt service. Subpop is similiar to the 4AD label in the sense that the recording acts, although highly diverse, all retain a tangible overall attitude and spirit of the label in their music. 1932 1st Ave. #1103, Seattle, WA 98101

SUBTERRANEA is a hefty filmzine from Canada. It includes interviews, feature articles, and reviews of all types of "Psychotronic" films. 47 Thorncliffe Park Drive #609, Toronto M4H 1J5 Canada - Jason Gray/Editor - $3.00/copy

TRASH COMPACTOR is an extremely high quality Canadian fanzine which deals with zine-type fringe topics such as Japanese rubber movie monsters and grade Z film producers like Ed Wood. 253 College St., Suite 108, Toronto Ontario M5T 1R5 Canada for info.

Attention fanzine publishers - please send me anything you are not already sending to Rodney. Especially interested in wrestling, music, literature and film. The more obscure - the better.

WRESTLING THEN N' NOW
BY DR. MICHAEL LANO, WRESTLING'S DENTIST

THE CURRENT STATE OF THE STATE

Jim Cornette and I remember a simpler, gentler America when wrestling angles weren't geared to shock value, and exploitation. With the current series of Titan-ick angles we've been dished, I'm as happy as McMahon's urologist(now that Dino Bravo has quit) in being able to point a finger and lay blame.

Ever wonder if all these junky ideas sprang up once Brother Bruce Pritchard had been demoted enough, so he wasn't able to present or veto angles? True. Bruce was mainly concerned with the excellent work on production of "Superstars of Wrestling," but he had a role in the big picture of angles. Bruce's touch and concepts have always been watchable, and "acceptable", if such a thing is possible, in the ethical boundaries of angles dating back to the 60's. I remember reading just last summer, how "we've been angled out... everything has been used and shoved down our throats by Titan." That may be true, but can't we strive to be a little more tastefully creative without alienating our kid and female audience? I suppose Vince and Patrick et al might have been inspired by Eddie "Hot Angle" Gilbert's running over Lawler angle- because since that was done, there have been nothing but gross-out angles and storyboards used in Titan- and with the same result. No pickup in crowds. Eddie is a brilliant strategist, and the car thing was ruined by Lawler's too-quick recovery, or it might have sold tickets big time if they'd done a Blassie and visited him for weeks in the hospital, in the recovery/therapy ward, etc before The King, Lawler got his revenge rematch.

U.S. - Iraq war exploitation, Sensational Sherry Sexploitation, snake-o-matic, sausage stuffing, body bag matches(gees- I thought the worst this'd ever get was weasal suit matches with Greg n' Bobby of Brady Bunch fame), and "a trip to the casket." But there is hope. Strewn in this shocking crap was the reuniting of the already together Liz and Randy. Something tearjerkingly touching- i.e. human emotion. That kind of stuff, and having grown women and men cry on camera is the stuff of brilliance- the stuff that sells tickets and fills the arena. This kinda remunds me of the old days, when things truly were simpler, gentler, and worked.

Was Oldie so wrong for saying, "why, back in my day...?" Why, back in my day(1968-on) the angles didn't need to be so repugnant and graphic. The wrestling itself was brought people in. The feuds and pairings and World Heavyweight Champion's infrequent visits packed those arenas. Was that so wrong? No- and most importantly, it worked on a consistant basis, territory by territory. About the worst thing we ever saw or read about in Victory Sports Mags was pretty much anything FArhut did in Detroit, or later Kevin Sullivan and Dusty did to Floriday(post 1974); or even Tolos throwing that dreaded Monsul's Powder into Blassie's eyes. And although Tolos was the first ever to use a snake in wrestling(the shocking contents revealed by Blassie from Tolos' surprise box in either '70 or '71), it was used briefly, sparingly, and never had to do the job in a "squash."

I think all of this will continue to backfire on McMahon. I'm sure we all hope the steroid freak phase results in lessened crowds and diminished buyrates. What will be used to perpetuate and set-off Hogan's upcoming feuds with Undertaker, Tugboat, IRS(best idea they've had lately- and they stole it from WCW), and later Sid Vicious? I dread what they'll do, storyline wise, with Vicious. Here's an idea. Sid could rule the world, er-wrestling world. He could steal the entire world's supply of steroids and keep them all to himself- just like something one of the heels would do on a Batman episode. Slowly, we'd see Hulk do the reverse of "pump.... you up." We'd see Warrior choke, the LOD doomed, and everybody work harder and better but look like hell. Hulk could defeat Vicious, thereby freeing up the valuable steroids so everyone would be free(since this is what Vince's view of America is all about, folks) to again shoot up and ingest "my special, up close and personal-Hulkster vitamins." Hey, this angle would certainly bring back the old days of great comedic angles that were almost tolerable.

Please pay the receptionist on your weigh - out!

THE SAGA OF A TICKET
By Evan Ginzburg

I was on my way to an R&B show at Manhattan's Beacon Theatre, when I spotted an ad in a local newspaper. "Free wrestling tickets for Madison Square Garden- no purchase necessary" is how it read. This pharmacy was located about a dozen blocks from where I was headed, and as I had 2 hours to kill before The Whispers and Gerald Alston took to the stage, I figured I had nothing to lose by picking up some freebies. It was as easy as it sounded; I strolled in and a few seconds later I held the tix in my hand. For a second I felt some sense of triumph- the old "beating the system" rush you experience when you "get over" on somebody. "This WWF junk isn't worth paying for!" I gloated to myself.

I heard the Slaugter-Hogan main-event was a good brawl around the circuit, and although I wasn't excited about seeing it, it probably would be entertaining enough. Having seen Slaughter in his prime against the Iron Sheik, Pat Patterson, Bob Backlund and Bruno Sammartino, I knew I'd be seeing a shell of his former self, although he could still sell like crazy and take a wicked bump. Still, it would probably be "fun."

The day finally arrived, and work was hectic to say the least. With each passing hour I thought about the horrendous undercard and what I'd be suffering through to get to that one decent match. The Big Boss Man (who I tremendously respect) was facing the horrific Mountie. The Legion of Doom (who still have the ability to put on a great match if the mood strikes) were facing the truly mediocre Power & Glory. Other "natural disasters" included the Jake The Snake-Earthquake matchup. I thought about getting home at midnight and the twelve hour work day I would wake up to.

I gave away the tickets...

As I've said so many times before, MSG used to be sacred to me and so many other fans. I would have walked in there half dead before missing Bruno or Graham. Now it's just another stop on the travelling circus, and on this night I just wasn't in the mood to see the "clowns."

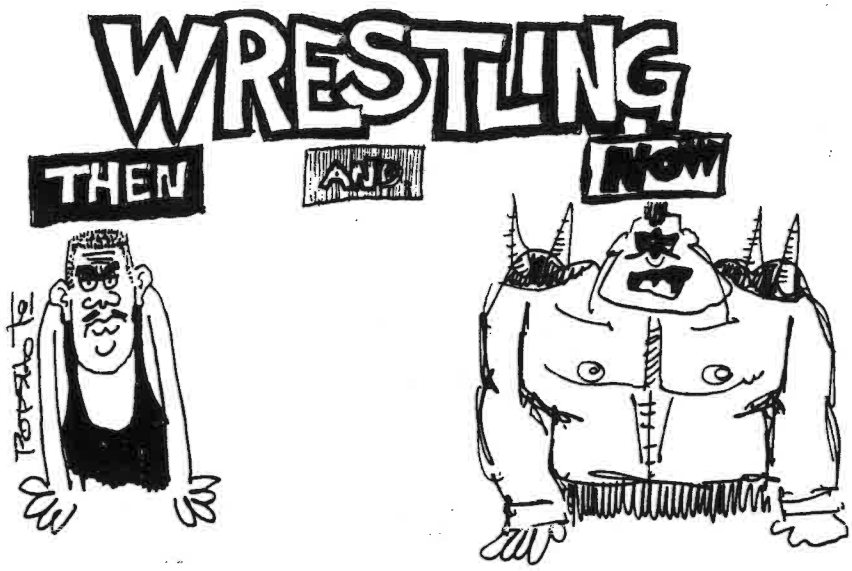
A free ticket's nice enough, but in the case of the 1991 WWF, you get what you pay for...

CURFEW BY: EVAN GINZBURG

If you've come to the conclusion after reading this issue that I am no longer a WWF fan, you've picked up on all the context clues and have exhibited the fine reading skills needed to enjoy WT&N (That's a little English teacher humor for you, folks!)...Dan "The Man" Reilly one of my true FRIENDS in the kay fabe world has started wrestle-radio on WNNZ Saturdays at noon in the Hartford/Springfield Western New England area. Co-host is Tom Burke of Global Wrestling...Some underrated bulletins include: Jody Boyn's New England Wrestling Scene ($15/yr to 521 Pine St. Apt 304 Manchester, NH 03104), Francesco Castrano's Ring Post ($2 to 13135 Colton Lane, Gaithersburg, MD 20878), Greg and Peter Ruffolo's Pro Wrestling Monthly ($2 to 568 Speedwell Ave., Morris Plains, NJ 07950) and Boyce Johansen's fun, new WrestleGram ($2 to 5424 W. 69th Ave. Arvada, Co. 80003) ...Great meeting readers Marilyn Rundle & Andy King at NWA Meadowlands show 7/3...Upcoming events worth noting: Promoter Dennis Coraluzzo presents Terry Funk vs. Bob Backlund 8/17 in N.J. & Joel Goodhart has Cactus vs. Eddie Gilbert headlining Tri-State's next show 8/3...Favorite new show- Northern Exposure...After Labor Day subscriptions go up to $15 a year or $7.50 for 6 months. Renew now even if your subscription's not due and avoid the increase!...All 1990 back issues (1-11) only $10 postpaid- all back issues (1-18) only $15 postpaid (almost 175 pages of great memories!)...Some great live jams I caught recently- the remarkable George Clinton putting on a 3 hour 20 minute concert to end all concerts. If you're not hip to Parliament-Funkadelic it's acid rock meets funk and Hendrix fans will love George. Trust me! Also saw Boogie Down Productions featuring KRS-One (strong rappers), Tower of Power, The wacky Jazz Passengers, and a tremendously disappointing Al Green who once was my favorite but who performed a 38 minute concert and left people booing! Ship this guy to the WWF! Right now I'm much more enthusiastic about 1991 music than I am wrestling. Anybody interested in a music column in WT&N?...Most of the concerts mentioned above were performed before totally intergrated audiences and there were absolutely no incidents (However, at George Clinton's show we stood on line 2 hours and were frisked twice for weapons. Would security have done this for an all-white crowd?). Maybe it is in fact POSSIBLE for people of all races to live side by side and it's beautiful that music brings people together...Will leave for San Diego 8/29 so you just may get Sept. issue a few days early. Anyone with schedule of Tijuana shows or anything else near San Diego, please help me out! Will be in Vegas week of 9/2. Drop me a line readers- let's meet...One of my subscribers said he'll likely contribute a piece to WT&N "once he stops drooling". (He was of course referring to one of the Jersey Devil's many slurs). Just for the record, none of my paid subscribers "drool"- it's only the people that write for a freebie, don't send an SASE, and don't subscribe because there's nothing to read on Sid Vicious in WT&N who may constitute closet "droolers"...Great talking to Sheldon Goldberg of the tremendous Mat Marketplace who's a theatre lover like me. Anyone coming to NYC should check out the beautiful Once On This Island on Broadway...Original Sheik vs. Abby on tour. Will hopefully provide live results... Thanks to Joseph Shulder, Isabel Coffee, and L. Johnson for their subscribing to WT&N. None of these people are wrestling fans- they like the writing! Truly flattering... Sorry to hear about the deaths of jazz legends Sarah Vaughn, Art Blakey and Stan Getz. Some of the best nights of my life were spent seeing these giants perform...Peter Hinds (PO Box 786 Millbrae, Ca. 94030) is one of my fave subscribers. He's currently offering a tremendous set of wrestling cards for only $3. Included are Eddie Gilbert/Terry Funk/Ric Flair...

I don't care what people in the business think. Except for some rare exceptions, the sheets are the ONLY thing keeping some people interested in these hard wrestling times of 1991...GREAT flicks to catch- Spike Lee's Jungle Fever. Also Henry- Portrait Of A Serial Killer and Danny Glover in To Sleep With Anger...Since the WWF has titled its Summer Scam main-event as "The Match From Hell," why don't they continue their truth in advertising policy by labelling all house shows, "Cards from Hell!"...Now that I don't teach in the summer (still doing the administrative gig though), I can catch up on my Simpsons re-runs. Great stuff- superior to 98% of the horrific sit-coms on (although I do like Seinfeld)...Keep sending in those articles, letters, nostalgia clippings & line-up sheets, reader profiles, renewals, gift subscriptions, nude photos (just kidding!!!) and anything else you feel will help the sheet. Hey, with most readers in sheetdom being too young to know who the hell we're talking about in WT&N I appreciate each and every one of you. As long as this thing doesn't make me lose me my shirt I'm in this for the duration...I won't be hitting my PO Box for about 3 weeks while on vacation so please be patient as your mail will be answered a whole lot slower than usual!!!...Have a great summer and remember in the immortal words of George Clinton (by far the hippest guy in the universe), we should always be "One Nation Under A Groove"...

"POTSHOT" BILL KUNKEL DRAWS FOR WT&N! MORE TO COME!



GREAT ANGLES OF THE PAST!

TAG BELTS DEFENDED WEDNESDAY

Last Friday night when Gordman and Goliath returned to the dressing room with their tag team belts around their waist who should be waiting for them but promoter Mike LeBell, Salvador Lothario and Pantera Negra. A fight nearly erupted when Pantera called Gordman "a coward" and Gordman grabbed promoter LeBell and asked for a meeting with Pantera. LeBell gave Gordman a contract to sign and the hot Gordman filled in his name without reading it. Later he found out that he signed a contract for himself and Goliath to defend their Americas' Tag Team Title against Pantera Negra and Salvador Lothario Wednesday night at the Olympic. It takes place Wednesday night at 7:30 P.M. on Channel 34.

PIPER PINS FLAIR!

Wrestling

(Results from last night's professional wrestling card at Maple Leaf Gardens.)

Main Events

Angelo (King Kong) Mosca retained his Canadian title by pinning Jimmy Snuka at 17:31 of their one-fall "lumberjack" match.

Roddy Piper retained his U.S. crown by pinning Rick (Nature Boy) Flair at 16:28 of their one-fall match.

Preliminaries

Dewey Robertson pinned Swede Hansen at 15:28, Tony Parisi and George Wells won by disqualification over Kurt Von Hess and Ray Crippler Stevens at 14:12.

Bruno Sammartino, Jr., used a Suplex hold to defeat Ricky Harris at 10:57; Billy Red Lyons and Cowboy Frankie Laine battled to a 15-minute draw.

TUESDAY, JUNE 6, 1967

FLORIDA STATE TITLE MATCH

The Great Malenko (champion) VS. Les Welch (challenger)

WORLD TAG TEAM MATCH

The Bros. Monroe (champions) VS. El Gran Lothario, Terry Funk

Wahoo McDaniel VS. Gorilla Marconi

GIRLS!

Bonnie Watson VS. Sherri Lee

John Heidman VS. Roger Kirby

EARLY TERRY FUNK!

VERY EARLY TENRYU...

Dusty beats Song in bull-rope match

Dusty Rhodes defeated Pak Song in the Texas bull-rope feature match last night before 3,183 professional wrestling fans at the Miami Beach Convention Center. In the co-feature, a tag-team match, Rocky Johnson and Joe LeDuc defeated Sonny King and Mr. Uganda.

In other matches: Killer Karl Kox beat Dick Slater, Zigfried Stanke defeated Prince Tonga, Jim Garvin topped Tenryu, and, in the opener, Raul Matta and Herb Calvert wrestled to a draw.

CLASSIC GA.

8/22/82

Pro wrestling

At Riverfront Coliseum

Les Thorton def. Terry Gibbs; Brad Armstrong def. Tom Prichard; Paul Orndorff def. Buzz Sawyer; Don Murace def. Mr. Wrestling 2; Dusty Rhodes def. The Superstar, disqualification; The Freebirds def. Ole Anderson-Ernie Ladd; Ric Flair def. Tommy Rich in main event.